THE LADY'S

WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

VOL. VIII.] *Saturday, March* 25....1809. [NO. 22.

MY UNCLE'S GARRET-WINDOW.

A PANTOMIMIC TALE.

(Continued.)

WHAT do you think of all this, my dear uncle? That cursed key! I am horribly afraid, that it was the key of some private entrance, of some back-door, or garden-gate, and that the note specified the hour and day for using it: it could not have contained more, from the short time occupied by its perusal. If this conjecture be just, Sempronius is as well informed of these particulars, as either the writer or receiver of the letter; and by his sending it to its destination, I conclude, that he means the assignation to be kept. Is it his intention to surprise Cordelia with her unknown correspondent? It looks very like it.

At any rate, I hope, that this important interview is not fixed for this evening, as business (which cannot be delayed) compels me to desert my post this very moment, and will prevent my resuming it till to-morrow; therefore, my dear uncle, I must beg you to supply my place. I will leave you my telescope; keep a sharp look out, and then I shall at least have the satisfaction of learning from your report to-morrow, every thing that has taken place in Sempronius's family during my absence.

Saturday.

And so, my dear uncle, you are quite certain, that I lost nothing by my absence yesterday evening? Nothing occurred worth noticing? Well, then, let me see, whether *I* can have better success in my discoveries.

Hey-day! the old footman is at the door, adjusting the stirrups of a little grey poney, and Sempronius is in the very act of drawing on his boots. He seems preparing to go a journey. Well, then, this cannot possibly be the important day, for so well informed as Sempronius is of the time of the assignation, he certainly would take care not to be out of the way: and that he does not mean to return to-night, I conclude from his carrying saddle-bags. However, he does not leave Cordelia's "fair side all unguarded:"* for his she-

* Comus.

dragon of a sister is just arrived, and her maid follows her, carrying a bundle of clothes. Cordelia's maid appears, and the she-dragon's abigail is given in charge to her; so that, I conjecture, the sister-in-law is appointed to keep a strict eye over Cordelia's conduct, till her brother returns. Methinks, Cordelia does not seem quite pleased with this arrangement, though she strives to hide her dissatisfaction under the veil of civilities.

N. B. The she-dragon's abigail is almost as old, and quite as hideous as her mistress: to make her *more* so, was out of the power of nature.

Sempronius is gone. Cordelia is busied with household affairs. Our dearly-beloved aunt has fixed her spectacles on her hawk's nose, and is knitting away as if her existence depended upon it. This day will probably be unproductive, but I will just look in upon you in the evening, my dear uncle.

Saturday afternoon.

Cordelia is more ornamented than usual: she has a turban, with a sultana plume, which becomes her singularly. Willy, too, has got his best clothes on. There is certainly something in the wind. His mother is reading to him out of the large Shakspeare, which I mentioned before, but she finds it difficult to make him attend to her; he jumps up every minute, and runs to look out of the window.

A quarter past six—stay!—have the goodness to hand me that newspaper, my dear uncle. Let me see—"Drury Lane—the Honey-moon."—"Covent Garden—Macbeth."—As sure as fate, they are going to see Macbeth, and Cordelia is trying to make her boy understand the story, before they set out.

Just so. A plain, decent-looking coach, with two ladies and a gentleman in it, has just stopped at Cordelia's door. Cordelia takes her gloves and fan. She seems, through civility, to press her sister-in-law to join their party. How Miss Grimalkin turns up the whites of her eyes! Aye, I warrant her! She looks upon a theatre as an invention of the wicked one, and would as soon set her foot in purgatory, as in a play-house. Cordelia and Willy leave her, and she ejaculates something, as the door closes: but whether it be a prayer or a curse, I will not pretend to decide—for charity's sake, we will believe the latter.

The coach is gone, and I may as well go too: there is nobody at home but Sempronia, and to the shame of my taste be it spoken, I have not the least inclination for a tete-a-tete with her. Good night, my dear uncle.

Saturday, ten o'clock.

No wonder, my dear uncle, that you are surprised at my returning so unexpectedly; but would you believe it? as I was on my way

home even now, a man past me, whom, in spite of his being muffled up in his great coat, and his having drawn his hat down over his eyes, I recognized for Sempronius!

I instantly turned, and followed him. He stopped at his own house, and struck thrice with a pebble the drawing-room window, in which there was a light. Instantly the light disappeared. In a minute after, the door was opened without noise; the candle in her hand shewed me the figure of Sempronia. Her brother stole into the house without speaking, and the door was closed again, as softly as it had been opened.

Then this *is* the important moment after all! Cordelia looked at an invitation card; don't you recollect that circumstance? She was aware, that her husband was engaged to pass a day in the country, and appointed the evening of it for her assignation. He, on *his* part, was aware of her arrangement, and pretended to keep his country engagement, in order that he might surprise her with her lover.

Poor, poor Cordelia!—To be sure her imprudence is highly blamable, but still—if she could but escape this once, undiscovered, who knows, but the recollection of her danger might induce her to reform altogether! Stay! stay! cannot I—hang me, if I don't warn her.

Eleven o'clock.

I was too late! The play was over! Cordelia was gone, and I am returned, fatigued to death.

See! see! Cordelia sits in her drawing-room. Nay, to warn her now, without making a tremendous bustle, would be impossible. She must take her chance. Poor, poor Cordelia!

What is she about? She takes papers out of a red morocco case, which was deposited in her jewel-box; they seem to be bank-notes. Surely, she cannot be meditating an elopement? she seals them up, and leaves the room.

Sempronia is not to be seen, nor her brother. The servants are gone to bed. Every thing seems to be dark and still in the house. Surely, that confounded key was not the key of her bed-chamber? Such an imprudence would be quite unpardonable; especially as her bed-chamber is in the back part of the house, where I cannot see what goes forward.

Now would I give all that I am worth in the world (it would not be paying a very high price for it, Heaven knows!) to ascertain what Sempronius is about, at this moment! I warrant him, he stands in some corner unobserved, (just as I am doing) as attentive with his ears as I am with my eyes, listening for that which he is afraid to hear, and every instant in danger of betraying himself by the loud

men: these are the virtues of barbarians; and when a fortunate succession of circumstances have co-operated to place some females in a commanding situation, where the powers of their minds may be evinced, we have then frequently seen them diffusing the rays of Science and civilization around the sphere in which they moved. If then the female mind has been endowed with so many great qualities, what advantages would accrue to mankind, were the efforts necessary to the production of these virtues in a rude state, in this more enlightened and civilized age, applied to the cultivation of Science, and the domestic virtues, directed by pertinent instruction. How often have examples occurred where the female sex, overleaping the bounds which nature appears to have assigned them, have evinced talents and virtues which would have adorned mankind, they had been directed by proper education. See the conduct of the Sabine women, whose presence and entreaties hushed the tumult and contentions of war, who averted the sword of destruction, and blunted the arrows of vengeance. Behold the women of ancient Gaul, accompanying their husbands, their fathers, and their sons, to the fields of battle, either shielding their dead bodies from the insults and barbarities of a ferocious enemy, or animating them to struggle gallantly in defence of their liberties! When will the actions of Catharine I. of Russia, be forgotten? that Catharine, who emancipated from inevitable captivity, the heroic Peter, and plucked as it were from the hands of a powerful enemy, his impoverished and diminished army. When will Europe forget the reigns of the Semiramis of the north, and Elizabeth of England? How many thousands of examples, equally illustrious with these, might be adduced; nor has the female mind lost one particle of its ancient vigour, but, like the spark in the flint, it lies hidden, until some effort be made to discover it. It is a just remark, that a nation may be perceived emerging from barbarism, by the treatment of its females. The savages of North America, the ignorant Hottentots of Africa, alike chain down to the most servile and laborious employments, their women, for which, from their structure, it is evident Nature never intended them; and (I ask) is there any people more wretchedly ignorant, more truly savage, than these barbarians? The English treat their women with the utmost deference and delicacy; and is there any people more enlightened? The morals, the improvement, the virtue, of both sexes I consider as commensurate, and if one would be reformed, the example must be given by the other; this lays open ano her consideration, and that is, the small progress we have, as a nation, made towards excellence in the arts and sciences; this I attribute to the manners of the fe-

male part of community, and this in the course of the work, I shall endeavour to prove, by showing how closely interwoven and connected the interests of both sexes are with each other. Until men therefore advance in science, and are animated with a desire of improvement themselves, they will never strive to improve the women. To forward in some measure the happiness of both sexes, it will not be improper to buoy up and strengthen the female mind, always remembering that a virtuous woman is a happiness to her friends, and an ornament to society; whilst a vicious woman is a pest to her connexions, and a disgrace to her nature.

In my next essay, I shall consider the prevalence of those habits which must be crushed in the female world, before the cause of virtue and knowledge can possibly advance.

ARATUS.

THE MYSTERIOUS ADMONITION.

A Tale.

ABOUT the middle of the twelfth century, when the great lords of most of the countries of Europe exercised an unlimited power over their vassals, and were nearly independent of their sovereigns, Rodriguez, Count of Venasque, possessed large domains, and a strong castle at the foot of the Pyrenees. He was a generous and benevolent chief, and all who lived under his authority, revered him for the mildness with which he exercised it, and the readiness with which he heard their complaints; and, if in his power, redressed their grievances, when made known to him. He had been careful to educate his son, Henriquez, in the same principles, and instil into him a nearly love of virtue: and his lessons and example appeared to have the best effect on the heir to his wealth and power.

When Rodriguez, to the great regret of his affectionate subjects, was consigned to the tomb of his forefathers, his son Henriquez, succeeded to his ample possessions and authority, and, for some time, appeared to tread carefully in his steps, and to conciliate the esteem of all around him, by the strict justice he dispensed, and the goodness of disposition he evinced on various occasions. The daughter of a neighbouring great lord, the Baron de Morillo, had attracted his attention, and appeared to have made an impression on his heart. A matrimonial union between them was spoken of; but some disputes arising between the Baron and Henriquez, relative to a certain tract of land, claimed by each, caused it to be deferred till they should be adjusted.

Estella, the daughter of the Baron de Morilla, was beauteous as an angel, and mild and gentle in her manners. While in her com-

pany, Henriquez felt the full force of beauty and goodness, and loved her without reserve; and she, at the same time, felt a rising esteem and regard for him; but, unfortunately for him, the dispute which took place between him and the Baron de Morillo, prevented a union which would have preserved him from the commission of many odious and disgraceful actions.

The mother of Henriquez survived her lord about a year; and, while she lived, her tender care, and excellent advice preserved her son in the paths of virtue; but soon after her decease, wealth and power appeared gradually to corrupt his heart, and debase his manners. He was frequently engaged in scenes of riot and intemperance, and when he had wasted large sums of money in acts of extravagance, he had recourse to mean and oppressive extortions on his vassals, to procure a fresh supply, which he again wasted in the same wretched manner. In these habits of gross dissipation he had been principally led by a lady of dissolute manners, for whom he had conceived a licentious passion. —Johanna, the daughter of one of his attendants, though by no means perfect in her personal charms, had gained such an ascendancy over him, that she could lead him into the commission of every folly and vice she chose, and obtain from him whatever she thought proper to ask. The castle became an almost constant scene of revelry and debauchery, and he lost the esteem of all his attendants and vassals, who began to hold his character in the utmost contempt, and even, almost, in detestation.

Satiated nearly with the charms of Johanna, which, in fact, were never very inviting, he chanced to meet with the daughter of a neighbouring gentleman, who possessed a small independent estate, and instantly conceived a very violent predilection for her. But he did not find her so compliant as Johanna; and the indignant manner in which he was repulsed by Rosalie, only increased the ardour of his irregular passion. The abandoned, but artful Johanna, detected the inconstancy of his wavering heart, but, so far from expressing any emotions of jealousy, she professed herself ready to aid him, with her advice and assistance, to obtain the gratification of his vile desires. Various artful schemes were suggested by her to allure and seduce the innocent Rosalie, but all proved unsuccessful; and it was at last resolved, that nothing but force could succeed, and that force should be employed.

Some trusty bravos were therefore secured; who, when it was known that Rosalie would go unaccompanied to a neighbouring town, by a certain lonely path, were to waylay her, seize her, and bring her by force to the castle. They executed their orders punctually; and Rosalie was brought to the

castle, and confined in a high tower, at the extremity farthest from the part usually inhabited.

The vile Johanna, and another domestic, were the only persons in the castle who knew that Rosalie had been brought in. Johanna immediately hastened to Henriquez, to inform him that his prey was in his power; but, whether his conscience rebuked him, or he could not prevail on himself instantly to determine how to act, it was some time before he could resolve to go to her: at length, however, he went.

He had to pass through a large gallery in the most gloomy part of the castle; on his arrival at which a sudden flash of light seemed to illumine all the place, and he beheld before him a tall female figure, holding a dagger, and calling to him, in a hollow voice—"Stop."—He started back, struck with astonishment and dread, bordering on horror.—"My mother!" he exclaimed, "and from the grave!"—"Stop," repeated the phantom; "you go to a deed that will blast your name for ever, and which will whelm you in perdition. The dagger of her father will avenge her injured innocence, all shall praise the act, and execration and infamy alone attend thee. Stop while it is yet time." The phantom disappeared, all was dark as before; and Henriquez sunk on the floor, and fainted, overpowered with horror.

But not to leave our readers likewise, too much in the dark, it may be necessary to observe here, what might have been mentioned before, that among the domestics, attendants, and inhabitants of the castle, there was one near relative of Henriquez, his mother's younger sister, named Elinor; who, amid all his extravagance, would never leave him, but frequently took the liberty to admonish him, and to upbraid him with his infamous conduct. Her advice, however, had always been received either with ridicule or revilings. She had yet never ceased her endeavours to recall him, if possible, to the paths of decorum and virtue. She was much respected by all the domestics; and had at length gained over the confidential servant of the wicked Johanna, to divulge to her some of her mistress's secrets. By her she had been informed of the plans contrived against the innocent Rosalie, and her having been at last brought by force into the castle. Shocked at the crime her nephew was about to commit, and the disgrace and odium it must bring on himself and his family, she conceived the strange idea, as it certainly must appear, to gain at least some time by acting on the superstition, and natural timidity of one who, she was certain, would listen neither to advice, nor to reproof. She knew that Henriquez was a firm believer in the appearances of departed spirits, and extremely fearful of what are usually called ghosts.

She therefore habited herself in the robe and veil which had been worn by his mother, and taking a dagger in her hand, with the aid of a lanthorn, produced all the terrific appearance that has been described.

Her plan, however extraordinary, had, as we have seen, all the success she could have promised herself from it; and, in the sequel, its beneficial effects were happily more complete than she could have expected.—Henriquez lay in a state of insensibility till he was taken up by the servants, who carried him to his chamber, and laid him in his bed. When his senses returned, the first person he enquired for was his aunt Elinor, to whom he related the extraordinary vision he had seen. As no person knew the secret, or had received the least intimation of it, except herself, she was in no danger that it should be disclosed; she accordingly did all she could to encourage him in the belief, that what he had seen was real. The terror he had felt, and the violent agitation of mind he had suffered, produced a severe, and even very dangerous illness; during which he yielded himself entirely to the guidance of the good Elinor, dismissed the abandoned Johanna, and sending for the father of Rosalie, restored to him his daughter, fortunately uninjured, imploring, with many tears, forgiveness of both; and entreated their prayers for as he feared, a dying, but truly repentant sinner. When he had thus relieved his conscience, and firmly resolved to return to the paths of virtue, he began visibly to recover. The good Elinor continually watched him, and attended him night and day; and, when completely restored, he never afterwards relapsed into the licentious and vicious habits of which he had before been guilty. He renewed his acquaintance with the lovely Estella, who, finding indeed that he was another and a better man, gave him her hand in marriage, and they lived many years in love and happiness. Whether the secret of the real nature of the *mysterious admonition* he had received was ever revealed to him by his worthy aunt, this history saith not, nor is it, indeed, of much importance.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

VARIETY.

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ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

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Anecdote of a Nun.

At the time the English army was in Portugal, under Lord Townsend, and Count de Lippe, the following adventure happened to an Ensign in a regiment there.—One morning, as he was at breakfast, a friar, much of the same libera

turn of mind in regard of gallantry, with Dryden's father Dominic, waited on him, and after the usual jargon of poverty and penance, told him that he had a letter for him, from one of the sisterhood of his convent, which he brought out of pure charity, supposing it contained some wholesome admonition, tending to reform him. The young gentleman opened the letter with great eagerness, and, to his utmost surprise, found it written in English, and from a lady, begging in the most earnest terms, that he would contrive to deliver her from the miseries of her confinement. The officer, thinking his fair incognita was well acquainted with her messenger before she would have trusted him, asked the friar if he could see the lady. Not unless you put on the habit of our order, replied the priest, which I have prepared for you. It may be imagined our young hero complied; for, in about half an hour, he was introduced to a most lovely young lady, who, with tears and blushes, hoped he would forgive the method she took to obtain his protection; that she was an English woman, and second daughter to a Roman-Catholic merchant of immense fortune, who took her as it were, upon a visit of pleasure to Lisbon, and then buried her in a monastery, in order to gratify his ambition in the matching of her eldest sister.—The friar is an Irishman, she continued, and knows my family; he will do all in his power to assist my escape, as, if it be effected, I can amply reward him. A council of war was now called, on the means of getting out of the convent; when it was agreed, that the friar should let them out at midnight; and, in order to prevent any enquiry or pursuit, report that she had drowned herself; a death which foreigners think happens every day in England, to young women disappointed in love, or wounded deeply by other strong passions. The plot succeeded, and the officer was married next morning to the fair apostate to perpetual virginity. However, it was thought most advisable, while the troops remained in Portugal, for the lady to appear in man's apparel. Upon her return to England, she found her elder sister dead, and her father in despair, for being, as he supposed, the cause of his second daughter's making away with herself. She waited upon him with her husband, and a new relation he had never seen. The old man fainted with surprise and joy in his daughter's arms; and this meeting terminated in the reconciliation and happiness of all parties.

ANECDOTE OF DR. LONG.

Dr. Roger Long, the famous astronomer, walking one dark evening with a gentleman in Cambridge, and the latter coming to a short post fixed in the pavement, which in the earnestness of conversation he took to be a boy stand-

ing in his way, said hastily, "Get out of the way, boy!" "That boy, sir," said the doctor, very calmly, "is a *post*-boy, who never turns out of his way for any body."

We are too jealous of the honor of one country, to suffer Ireland to boast a perpetual superiority in making bulls. A young gentleman walking the quarter deck of a ship in Jamaica, was desired to take a telescope, and give his opinion of a vessel then in sight. After in vain endeavouring to find a focus suitable to his eye, he exclaimed, "Oh I wish I had my father's glass." "And what then?" replied a by-stander. "Why, faith," replied the exclaimant, "the parish church was full three miles from my father's house, yet through his glass I have looked at it, and looked at it till I have brought it so near, that I have absolutely *heard the clock strike.*"

A Sheriff's officer has lately written a treatise on *electricity.*— These gentlemen may themselves be classed among the *natural phenomena*, by possessing the singular property of *shocking* every body they *touch.*

The Venetians have an odd shew peculiar to themselves. There is a set of artisans, who, by the help of several poles, which they lay across each other's shoulders, build themselves up into a kind of pyramid; so that you see a pile of men in the air, of four or five rows, one above the other. The weight is so equally distributed, that every man is very well able to bear his part of it, the stories, if I may so call them, growing less and less as they advance higher and higher. A little boy represents the point of the pyramid, who, after a short space, leaps off with a great deal of dexterity, into the arms of one that catches him at the bottom. In the same manner the whole building falls to pieces. Mr. Addison is of opinion that this circumstance explains the following verses of *Claudian*, which shew that the Venetians are not the inventors of the trick:

Men pil'd on men, with active leaps arise,
And build the breathing fabric to the skies;
A sprightly youth above the topmost row,
Points the tall pyramid, and crowns the show.

Mr. Editor,

Seeing in a Virginia paper the other day, the following account of extraordinary genius in an unlettered African, I take the liberty of transcribing it for your miscellany. G.

Account of a wonderful talent for Arithmetical calculation, in an African slave.

There is now living, about four miles from Alexandria, in the

state of Virginia, a negro slave, seventy years old, by the name of THOMAS FULLER, the property of Mrs. Elizabeth Cox. This man possesses a talent for Arithmetical calculations, which deserve to be recorded. He can neither read nor write. Two gentlemen, natives of Pennsylvania, Wm. Hartshorn, and Samuel Coates, men of probity, and respectable character, having heard, in travelling through the neighbourhood, of this extraordinary character, sent for him, and had their curiosity sufficiently gratified by the answers which he gave to the following questions.

Question.—How many seconds are there in a year and an half?

Answer, in about two minutes—47, 304,000

Question.—How many seconds has a man lived, who is seventy years, seventeen days, and twelve hours old?

Answer, in a minute and an half—2, 210, 500, 800.

One of the gentlemen, who employed himself with his pen, in making these calculations, told him he was wrong, and that the sum was not so great as he had said. Upon which, the old man hastily replied, "top, massa, you forget de leap year."—On adding the seconds of the leap years to the others, the amount of the whole in both their sums, agreed exactly.

Question.—Suppose a farmer had six sows, and each sow had six female pigs the first year, and they all increase in the same proportion, to the end of eight years, how many sows will the farmer then have?

Answer, in about ten minutes.—54, 588, 806.

The difference of time between his answering this, and the two former questions, was occasioned by a trifling mistake he made, from a misapprehension of the question.

In the presence of Thomas Wistar, and B. W. Morris, two respectable citizens of Philadelphia, he gave the amount of nine figures, multiplied by nine. He informed the first mentioned gentleman, that he began his application to figures, by counting ten, and that when he was able to count an hundred, he thought himself (to use his own words) a very clever fellow. His first attempt after this, was to count the number of hairs in a cow's tail, which he found to be 2872. He next amused himself with counting, grain by grain, a bushel of wheat, and a bushel of Flaxseed. From this he was led to calculate with the most perfect accuracy, how many shingles a house of certain dimensions would require to cover it, and how many posts and rails were necessary to enclose, and how many grains of corn were necessary to sow, a certain quantity of ground.

From the preceding applica-

tion of his talents, his mistress often derived considerable benefit. At the time he gave this account of himself, he said his memory began to fail him. He was grey headed, and exhibited several other marks of old age. He had worked hard on a farm during the whole of his life, but never had been intemperate in the use of spiritous liquors. He spoke with great respect of his mistress, and mentioned, in a particular manner, his obligations to her for refusing to sell him, which she had been tempted to do, by offers of large sums of money from several curious persons. One of the gentlemen (Mr. Coates) having remarked in his presence, that it was a pity he had not an education equal to his genius, he said, "No, massa, it is best me got no learning, for many learned folks be great fools."

Sir William B. being at a parish meeting, made some proposals, which were objected to by a farmer. Highly enraged, "Sir," says he to the farmer, "do you know, Sir, that I have been to the two universities, and at two colleges in each university?" "Well, sir," said the farmer, "what of that? I had a calf that sucked two cows, and the more he sucked, the greater calf he grew."

Who in giving receives, and in receiving, shares the bliss of the generous giver, is noble.

MARRIED,

On Monday evening, by the rev. Mr. Bork, Mr. Timothy B. Crowel, to Miss Maria Van Bomel, both of this city.

On Monday evening, by the rev. Dr. M Knight, Mr. Ephraim Jackson, to Miss Jane Young, both of this city.

On Sunday evening, by the rev. Mr. Parkinson, Mr. John B. Woodward, to Miss Ann Voorhis, all of this city.

At Swansey, Mass. by the rev. Mr. Slade, Mr. Bennet H. Wheeler, Co-Editor of the Columbian Phoenix, to Miss Betsey S. Gardner, only daughter of Capt. John Gardner, of Gardner's Neck.

At Charleston, S. C. on Tuesday, the 7th instant, John H. Dent, Esq. commander of the United States' Sloop of War Hornet, to Miss Ann Horry, daughter of John Horry, Esq. of that city.

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DIED,

On the 15th inst. Mrs. Philander Brasher, aged 61 years.

On the 16th inst. Capt John Ferrier, of the ship Delaware.

On the 15th inst. Mrs. Catharine M'Lean, aged 75.

At Paris, N. Y. Josiah Melven, aged 88, and his wife, aged 71, after living about half a century in the marriage state.

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Our city inspector reports the death of 42 persons, during the week, ending on Saturday last.

PARODY—NO PARODY.

ALL the world's a Newspaper,
And all the men and women merely *readers:*
They have their tastes, and their hobby horses,
And each one in his turn, receives a part;
The number being seven—first, the *Poet,*
Fond of the jingling line, and tinsel smile;
Enjoying tortur'd sense, and strangling wit.
But if the line flows smoothly to its end,
Forever bathing in the Aonian fount,
Him nought but sonnets, stanzas, odes, delight,
And so he reads his part. Next comes in view
The sober, softly-sighing *Sentimentalist,*
Seeking for rapture in the—dashy—line,
The Shandean tale, ill-told, compar'd with Sterne's.
They fragments choose, and tales, and anecdotes.
Next the *Wit,* relishing the pun obscene,
If but the point be gross—Him repartees,
Bon-mots, and gummy epigrams, most please,
And then the *Politician,* full of strange whims,
Seeking essays, strictures, observations,
With solemn phiz, talking of resolutions,
Patriot armies, sieges, and leagues of despots;
Of neutral powers, and of neutral rights, cabals,
Of foreign interference, stability of states,
And all the mazes of the court-police.
He marks each signature; what Brutus writes he reads,
And turns his eye from Cassius—sees in some men
The wish to bend us to a foreign yoke;
In others, sees the wish for nature's state,
And have the kirbed bit of law destroyed,
That like the savage, all might rove at will,
Free as the air they breathe: While some he sees,
Who wish that government of purest source,
And subordination, might secure
Our fair inheritance. These form the general mass.
Next comes the *Economist,* hunting the recipes,
Receipts, experiments. With up-turn'd nose
He runs o'er prose and verse, and like to Hotspur,
Had rather be a kitten, and cry *mew,*
Than one of these same metre ballad lovers.
The grade of *Moralist,* next advance to view:
Fond of the maxim sage, and sober precept;
They once a week expect their frugal fare,
To mend the manners, and instruct the mind.
Last comes the pale and slipper'd *Wonder-Hunter,*

Intent on dying-speeches—hurricanes—
Malignant fevers, pestilence, and want—
Of thousands butcher'd on the bloody field,
And thousands starving in the wasted land.
They thunder-storms delight in, and will seek
With earnest eye, for deaths and murders,
Of people drown'd, or burnt, or suffocated—
Learn whom the knot of Hymen has fast tied,
And whom the knot of justice faster noosed;
With the long list of every human ill.

These all must have their part. The Printer else,
Is but the standing mark of censure loud;
These tastes *not* gratified, they all will growl,
And cry, the paper's barren, empty, dull,
Sans news, sans sense, sans wit, sans every thing.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

Solution of the
ENIGMATICAL LIST OF STREETS,
Which appeared in the
Last number.

WELL, friend Psalmanazer, I will be short,
And trust me, wont long with you parley;
For the first I will christen *Frank-fort*,
The second, my sweet little *Bar-ley*.

Tho' the third might be trod by an Earl,
And the opposite to't by a Queen;
By the former—a gem—means a *Pearl*,
And the latter a grand *Magazine*.

Sure no flow'r like the rose, can be smelt,
Yet the taste may experience a change:
Then by turning your back on *Roosevelt*,
Your eyes come in contact with *Orange*.

Well, there you have six in a hurry,
And the remnant shall not want for names;
I am sure the seventh is *Mul-berry*,
And the eighth is that dirty street, *James*.

Drawing to a close, hope I may not
Make some poor little sphinx look awry;
If I do, I'll retreat into *Mott*,
Or travel straightway to the *Bow-ry*.

But hold! a word more 'fore I dismiss it,
The eleventh, and last, if I can;
And surely, I think I have hit it,
By a wench, you, no doubt, mean *Har-man*.

OEDIPUS.

TERMS OF THE MISCELLANY.

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